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'CARRIED IN ARMS WHEN FROM HEROD THEY FLED.'

Instead

How could it be,
That the King of the World was poor?
Love held his blanket and Peace made his bed,
Yet, had the world ne'er a crown for his head:—
King of our souls instead.

How could it be,
That the Ruler of Time was young?
Human and little, and tended and fed,
Carried in arms, when from Herod they fled?
Rule in our hearts instead.

How could it be,
That the Lord of all Life was weak?
Speechless, and childish, and growingly led,
Working and weary—and mocked—and dead—
O Lord of our lives instead!

—Anstance Rede.

The Unexpected Happens.

(By the Rev. C. H. Yateman, in 'Golden Rule.')

I have ever found that the active Christian life is full of surprises. This is true in my own life, certainly. Let me tell you of one surprise. A big one it was, and glorious, too.

While holding meetings in Joliet, Ill., I was crowded with invitations to scores of places. Among the rest, was one from Peoria, of the same state. Now, if there was one place above another where I did not want to go, it was there. It was the great whiskey town of America, and, besides, the place where Robert G. Ingersoll, the noted infidel, was brought up. 'Better take some more promising field,' said I. So, when they wrote me that a committee would come and see about it. I wrote back, if I remember aright, 'Don't come and waste both time and money, for I cannot accept your invitation.'

But one day, several of their finest business men, and the busiest, too, walked into the church at Joliet, and at the close of the meeting said they wanted an interview.

I think I was not very amiable about it; for I never like to say, 'No,' to any calls for help. The gist of all they had to communicate was: 'We cannot help what decision you have made, Mr. Yateman. Our decision is that you are to come, and there is nothing else for you to do than say yes. We won't argue about it. That is of no use. We have prayed about it, and we know that you ought to come to Peoria; and furthermore, you will, we believe.'

I must say their boldness and confidence rather pleased me, and, though I had decided fully against it, I finally said I would go.

God does not always lead us in the direction of our inclinations. Oftentimes his leading is straight against them; but, if one is going to be true to Christ one will go the way he wants, and that way in the end will be best.

So, much to my surprise, I found myself, later on, headed for 'whiskey and infidelity,' as I kept saying to myself in the cars. They were foes quite equal to any faith I had ever discovered, either in myself or others.

Surprise number two, not a little provoking to me at the moment, came in the shape of the hotel's being burned out, and I had to take private entertainment, which, with the excessive work which an evangelist has to do, is often an extra load. The hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Jamieson was thrown open to me, and going there like going to the town itself, was a blessing rich and sweet.

The meetings held in a large hall and in the churches, were good. Some fine conversions came, one that of a pugilist, who afterwards entered the field of Christian work. One of the reporters converted became a clergyman, I believe. The swing of success was ours, and many gave up drinking whiskey after a draught of the water of life.

All this was good, but the same might have happened in any city where such meetings were held. Soon I began to wonder inwardly why the Lord had sent me there. Then came a strange

the young men of the city. There were hundreds upon hundreds of them, and the saloons and rumshops getting them by wholesale.

Then the unexpected happened. I said, 'You ought to erect in this town a fine building for young men, open day and night, where a fellow, with creed or without, with coat or without, could enter and find social help, and feel the tug of good, for soul and body, pulling him up to Christian manhood.'

I opened up the facts about the saloon and its attractions, and the needs of some force that would be practical in its opposition. They said it would cost too much, and could not be done. I constantly affirmed that it could be done, and if some man would give me a subscription of five thousand dollars to begin with, I would start out.

One noon, at Mr. Jamieson's dinner-table, full of the matter, I was chatting away, hinting in no indirect manner what I wished might be done, Before I knew it—for a man sometimes speaks out when he does not intend it—I asked him to be the one to begin the subscription list and to set me going. He waited a moment, looked across the table at his wife, to get her opinion, and she—bless her heart, I tell you it takes a woman to do the right and nice thing at the right and nice time—she just looked 'Yes,' and he said he would.

With that five thousand dollars I began, and the results? Now, listen. In the farewell meeting in the large opera house I presented the scheme and called for help. Give! O how they gave! I have forgotten now exactly how much, but before the benediction more than twenty thousand dollars was down.

Then followed results that more than once gave me songs in the night. The best site in the city for such a building was where Mr. Ingersoll had lived and where, it is said, he wrote a number of his infidel lectures. That very site was bought, more money was raised, and there now stands a fine building worth one hundred thousand dollars, where the noble work of the Young Men's Christian Association is successfully carried on. So I pray for myself and every other Christian Endeavorer, that the Lord of hosts may send us where he will, whether we like to go or not.

But that is not all that happened. Since then, Mr. Jamieson, besides being true to his own church, has erected a mission house in another part of Peoria, he has his own paid missionary in India, and, if you should ask who promised me the first ten thousand dollars for my 'college on wheels,' a great soul-winning scheme for my future days, I should have to show you the photograph of a true Christian gentleman from that city in Illinois.

The Caterpillar's Experience.

There was once a caterpillar, which could feel and think, and speak almost like a human being. As it was crawling about one autumn day, something very peculiar overcame it; it got what we should call a higher revelation. It was as if a crown of higher light shone around it. It was as if a foreign power descended to the very inmost part of its being, would tear it away from the ground and raise it into the air. It was as if an angel on white wings descended and whispered something like music, a sweet prophecy, a mysterious promise, promise of butterfly life and butterfly [illegible]. It lasted but a moment. Then the [illegible] revelation was entirely passed. [illegible] went on as usual.

[illegible] marvellous revelation had made a deep impression on the little caterpillar, which it could not possibly shake off. It felt itself another creature—a creature with a future. And, with all the little strength of its frail caterpillar existence, it kept hold on what the angel had whispered of butterfly life and butterfly glory. What it was exactly it knew not. It yearned so to understand, so earnestly it desired clearly to comprehend. But succeed it did not; the more it exerted itself, the more mysterious it became. And, ah! this brought on doubt and perplexity, and caused the sigh: 'It is all fancy, all fancy.'

It told it to other caterpillars; these, of course, comprehended it as little. What was worse, the most of them began to mock and say that the poor little fanatic was doting, and would return to its senses if it would only make proper use of its caterpillar's understanding again. With all sorts of questions they began to trouble it. They asked 'what is a butterfly?' and it was obliged to answer, 'I do not know.' They asked 'What does glory mean?' and it was obliged to answer, 'I do not know.' They asked how the transition to such a higher position could take place, and it was obliged to answer 'I do not know.' Thus they kept on asking for a whole hour. It was entirely shut up, and so tired of answering 'I do not know,' that it remained silent; and they crawled away, and began to gnaw at the half-rotten cabbages, whispering, 'This is our glory.'

Thus the revelation was a source of pain to our caterpillar; but although the promised glory was not realized, still she continued steadfast; and when it began to freeze at nights, and she began to stiffen and weave her own shroud, she became distinctly conscious that everything seemed to point to a foolish mistake. But then, also, she continued steadfast, waiting for butterfly life and butterfly glory.

And she was not put to shame. She was withered, shriveled, buried under snowflakes, lost for good; so it seemed. But at last spring came, and suddenly from the thorn hedge there appeared a beautifully fledged creature, and it hovered from flower to flower, where the cabbages had stood; its crawling had been turned into flying. Everyone who saw it was delighted over the splendid glittering of its wings, and then it needed no longer to stammer, 'I know not!' Then it understood what butterfly life and butterfly glory meant.

'We know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him,' (I. John iii., 2). The end of our earthly existence is rapidly drawing near, and then—what then!

There are people who say that we must not thus ask, but rather eat and drink, labor and enjoy ourselves, than occupy ourselves with such fruitless questions. Foolish people! As if we could avoid it, only because we wished to do so. As if the question were not powerful enough, even while we are eating and drinking, laboring and enjoying ourselves, to force itself upon us. As if God had not laid eternity in the heart. As if they, who would not take the question on their lips, do not feel it burning within them, burning as a question of conscience. As long as we have breath to be able to ask, so long do we continue to ask, 'And then—what then?'

To which the Psalmist replies, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness,' (Psl. xvii., 5). And the apostle, 'Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face,' (I. Cor. xiii., 12).

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Dordrecht, Netherlands.
—'The Christian.'

Protection from Burglars.

It is undoubtedly true that a man has a legal right to protect himself and his property from the depredations of burglars and marauders; but it is by no means certain that it is best for a man to exercise that right. Quite recently a case occurred where a man and his son undertook to defend their property from midnight robbers, but the young man was wounded, and the father was killed in the affray, and it would doubtless have been far better for them to have been robbed than murdered.

The true Christian has mightier protectors than policemen, and if men will trust in God his angels will encamp around them and deliver them.

'Where were the angels last night?' said some one to a man whose house had been plundered and whose property had been taken while he was quietly sleeping.

"They were taking care of me,' was the reply; and the promise of God which assured the man protection, did not guarantee the protection of all his property. Yet sometimes property is guarded as well as life, for it is easy for the Lord's angels to defend his people and all their interests.

An old friend of the writer, L. H. Davis, of Earlville, Illinois, a minister of Christ, narrates in 'Our Hope,' the following instance in his own experience:

'One evening, in June, 1896, I was particularly led out in prayer, at the family altar, for the protecting care of our Father in heaven, during the night while we were unconscious in sleep, We retired to rest as usual, thinking no more of my prayer till morning, when one of our neighbors came, before we were up, stating that burglars had been through his house, and had taken his gold watch and his wife's gold ring. I told him I had not heard anything of them, and began to look around.

'Then, to my astonishment, I found that they had been through the house, but though my son had a twenty-five dollar gold-filled watch in his pocket, and under his watch a wallet which they took and laid on the cook-stove in the kitchen, they took nothing out. They also took his gold pen out of a box in which he kept it, laying it on the table, My good wife's gold pen, gold-bowed glasses, and gold watch and chain, that was a present to her years before we were married, all lay on the table in the room which they went through, and might have been taken away, had not a prayer-hearing God said to them in some way, I know not how,

' "Don't you take anything out of this house." '

'There is nothing too hard for the Lord. He works in a mysterious way, his wonders to perform, and sometimes for our encouragement lets us see he has been with us and watched over us. Not so much as the worth of a pin was taken from our house, that we could learn. Our Father would not let them do us any harm, though twelve houses were opened in this vicinity that night.

'A skeptic was stopping with us at that time, on her way to Schenectady, N.Y., who had about forty dollars in a dress pocket to use in travelling expenses. She said, "I believe providence had a hand in this deliverance," recalling the prayer of the evening before. So God's name was glorified, even in the eyes of an unbeliever.'

'I write this, not to boast, but I would speak for the encouragement of others. This is not the first time God has given us experience of his blessed saving power. He says, "Ye are my witnesses." If so, we should bear testimony." — 'The Christian,' Boston.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Among the Waikato Maoris.

A TRIP DOWN A NEW ZEALAND RIVER.

(By Arthur Inkersley, in 'Frank Leslie's Monthly.')

Though one often sees Maoris of both sexes lounging about the streets of Auckland, New Zealand, especially when the Native Lands Court is in session, I was desirous of seeing them at closer range and in their own homes. Accordingly, as soon as I had a week to spare, I made arrangements for a trip in the Waikato district, watered by the largest of New Zealand rivers, and inhabited by one of the strongest and bravest of Maori tribes.

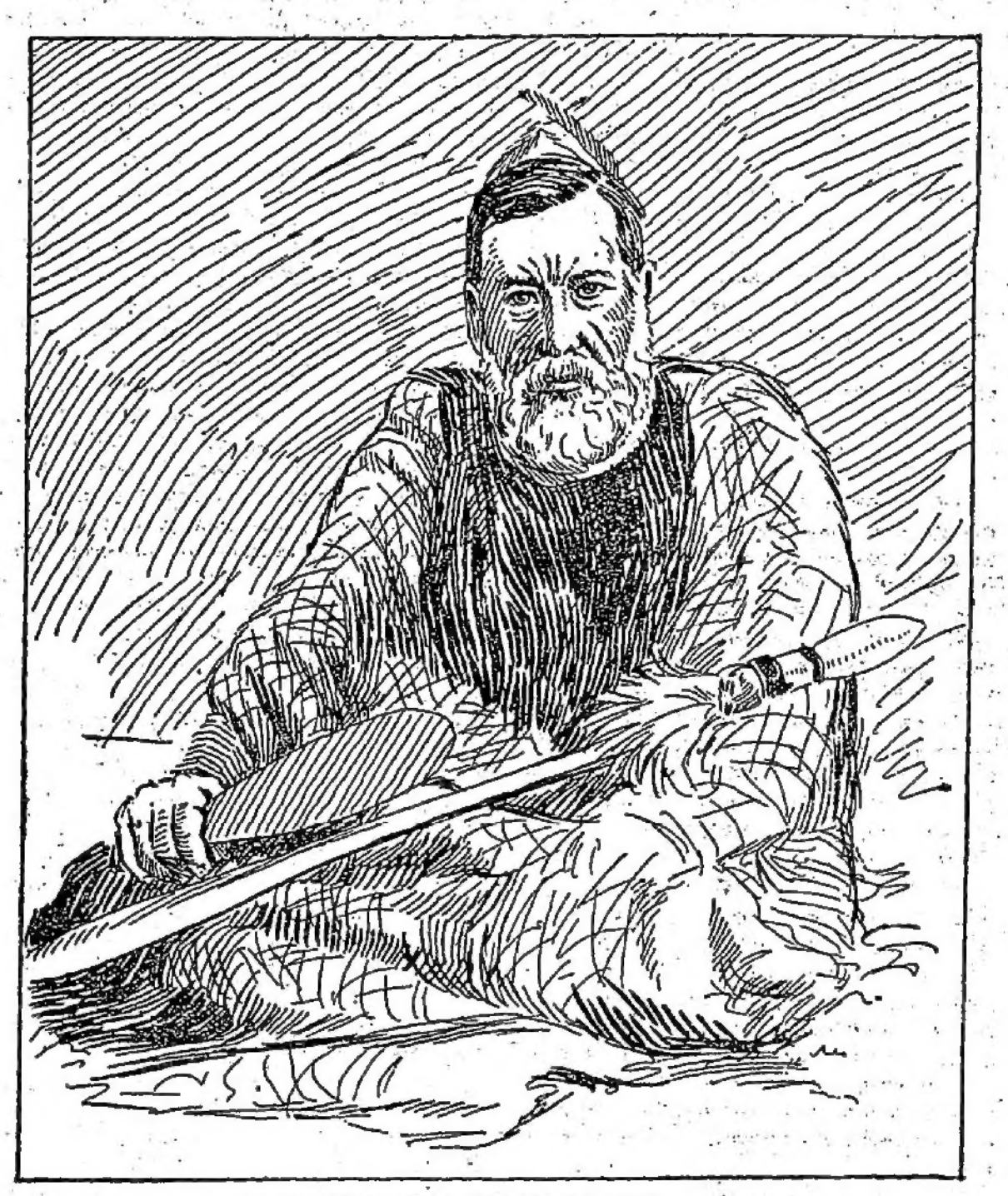
We started early on a Monday from our Auckland boarding-house, and hurrying over to the suburban station at Newmarket, caught the train there. The railway leading out of the city to the Waikato district is a narrow-gauge track, and is owned, as are all the railways in Australia and New Zealand, by the government. The cars are of a rather primitive construction, but are clean and comfortable. The track, except in the immediate vicinity of the city, and in well-settled districts, is unfenced, and therefore the locomotives are provided with cowcatchers. At first, while passing through the suburbs of Auckland, we see many neat, well-kept villas, surrounded by dark green plantations of pine; but, soon the track gets out into the open country, and the Waikato range attracts the eye. The flats over which we are travelling have a rich black soil, but the higher ground is covered with bracken, fern and ti-tree. The ti-tree is the typical shrub of a certain kind of New Zealand 'bush,' or uncleared land, and though it grows monotonous, a large area covered with it is much more agreeable to the sight than the almost boundless 'mallee scrub' of Australia. The twigs of the ti-tree are very strong and tough, and the shrub is at certain seasons covered with a pretty white blossom which recalls the May of an English springtime.

There is a great deal of land in the North Island which cannot be used for pasture or agriculture until it has been cleared of its dense growth of fern. This is done by fire, and in the dry season of the year, great tracts are continually smoking with the heavy fumes of burning bracken. Another terrible nuisance in North New Zealand is the dog-rose, or sweet briar, which was introduced into the colony by some well-meaning but ill-advised person, who wished, as colonists often do, to surround himself with the trees and plants which had grown dear to him in his old home. The modest little British bush took so kindly to its new home in Greater Britain that it grew into a great tree, and spread itself luxuriantly over large areas of land, from which it can now hardly be eradicated. In a similar way the rabbit was introduced into Australia, where it has bred and multiplied so exceedingly that it has become a matter of national concern to discover a means of checking its further increase, and thousands on thousands of pounds sterling have been expended in almost fruitless efforts to save some of the grass for the sheep. In the swamps of New Zealand a kind of sedge called raupo is everywhere abundant, as is also the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax.

We first came upon the Waikato River at Mercer, and found a strong stream running there. Mercer was at one time the furthermost point reached by the railway, and also the starting-point for the river-steamers, but the advance of the railway has crushed its importance, and it is a very dull, sleepy little town.

From Mercer the train passed along the river bank, through pretty scenery, till we got near Rangiriri, which is in a swampy region, interesting as the scene of one of the most desperate battles of the war of the colonists and British with the brave Waikatos. At Huntly we caught a glimpse of a black, grimy little town, and at Taupiri we saw many signs of the collieries in the neighborhood. Between Huntly and Taupiri the Waikato runs between high, wooded hills.

At Hamilton we are fairly in the land of the Maori, and here we see many Maoris and half-castes. The mixture of races is



MAORI CHIEF, WITH GREENSTONE CLUB.

clearly sown by the bi-lingual signboards over the stores. Hamilton is a good specimen of the New Zealand county township, and displays all the usual activities of such a place. A remarkable thing is to be observed about the river here. As the bed of the stream has been successively lowered in the course of the centuries, terraces have been formed, down which one clambers to the present river. Scattered over this whole region are conical peaks of volcanic origin, and which, indeed, have in earlier days been active volcanoes, belching forth ashes and molten lava, as we clearly see from their black-scarred sides, and from the ugly gashes out of which rushed the fiery stream.

Near Hamilton is a small lake, about a mile long by three-quarters of a mile in width. Finding a small boat there, we rowed about for some time. The hollow forming the lake is probably the crater of an extinct volcano. Next morning we walked about the township, and crossed the bridge over the river to Hamilton East. Later we took the train to Cambridge, and on our arrival there put up at Kirkwood's cottage. Cambridge is a flourishing little colonial town, with two or three hotels, a church and a few public buildings. Until the railway was continued to Oxford and Lichfield, it was the starting-point of the coaches that took tourists into the Wonderland of New Zealand—the Hot Lake district. Oxford is about twenty miles from Cambridge, and is even more unlike, if that were possible, its British prototype.

After 'tea,' as the evening meal is usually called in 'the colonies,' we discussed with a bushman the possibility of hiring a boat in which to make the descent of the river. The bushman promised to introduce us to the owner of a boat that we might arrange to hire for some days. But Kirkwood, the hotel proprietor, dissuaded us from making the attempt, telling us that the river was in flood, and that in one spot between Cambridge and Hamilton it passes through a rocky gorge only twenty-five feet in width, where the stream runs so swiftly that it is hard to keep control of a boat and avoid getting dashed against the sides of the defile. We decided to take our host's advice and go back to Hamilton. But before doing so we hired horses and rode out for eight or nine miles along a somewhat desolate road in the direction of Taupo. On our return our horses bolted, but as we had the whole road to ourselves, we managed to get control of them before any harm resulted.

Wishing to see something of the New Zealand 'bush,' we sent our bags off by train and started on a walk of fourteen

miles back to Hamilton. The roads were wet, but as the soil is sandy, were not heavy, The 'bush' is very beautiful, and to eyes wearied by the monotony of Australian scenery, and to imaginations haunted by the fear of death by thirst, so often the fate of explorers and travelers who get lost in the trackless, landmarkless, ever-the-same bush of that waterless land, is very refreshing and full of charm. It may be roughly divided into the heavy, the light and the mixed bush. The first of these is the real kauri forest, hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years old, and of a solemn, awe-inspiring beauty, like that of a Californian redwood forest. Here the grand kauri-pine raises its straight, smooth stem to a height of nearly two hundred feet, with a diameter at the base of from ten to twenty feet. These giants spread over hill and down dale in long aisles like those of a Gothic cathedral. This is a hackneyed simile, I know, but really there is no other work of man to which they can be compared. The 'light bush' consists of trees of moderate size, surrounded by a dense undergrowth which almost defies passage. The 'mixed bush' is the most varied and beautiful. This consists of many varieties of trees, of various height and girth, all tangled with ferns, mosses, and creepers of the mot luxuriant description. Almost everywhere in these favored islands there is abundant moisture, and here is the paradise of the fern-collector. Many, too, of the shrubs and trees are ever-greens, and bear exquisite bloesoms and flowers. The pohutu kaua, a Christmas-tree, so called because it blooms at that season, bears a splendid scarlet blossom, and is one of the most striking and easily recognized bushes. Many of the forest trees, such as the totara, the rimu, and puriri, yield timber of great hardness, beauty and value. A curiosity of the bush is the rata, a species of myrtle. It is a parasitic growth, and winds its rope-like hoots round everything in reach. Other parasites there are, called the 'bush-lawyer' and the 'wait-a-bit,' from the difficulty of disentangling oneself from their grasp. The cabbage-palm is a fine shrub, often seen in Californian gardens. In New Zealand, it reaches a height of fifty feet, and branches out at the top into several stems,

KING TAW HAW.

each of which bears a crown of pointed leaves.

One very interesting growth deserves mention—the phormium tenax, or New Zealand flax. It looks like the Mexican agave, or pulque-plant, and has strong, thick, glossy leaves. It grows in dense clumps, and from the centre rises a tall stem, bearing flowers of white, yellow or pink, according to the species. The fibre is nearly as tenacious as silk, and from it the Maoris weave their blankets and mats. The great difficulty in

MAORI SALUTATION—RUBBING NOSES.

adapting it for ready use arises from the quantity of gum the leaves contain. Hitherto no satisfactorily expeditious mode of getting rid of this gum has been discovered, the patient laborious processes of the native not being applicable on a large scale. Paper, canvass, and rope, of great strength and tenacity, can be made of the fibre, and a fortune awaits the man who shall invent a ready, practical way of dressing it in a suitable manner. In 'the bush,' it is used for repairs of every kind, whether of a broken shaft or wheel, or of a snapped boot-lace or suspender, and also for making 'kits,' or baskets for fruit or provisions. It is the bushman's mend-all.

Our hostess having promised to lend us a boat and oars, we made our preparations next day for starting down the river. A pleasant afternoon's row brought us to Ngaruawahia, where we put our boat up, not neglecting to take the oars and thole-pins up to the hotel that no one might make off with the craft.

A hill of some 1,200 feet rises near the hamlet, and we decided to climb to its top and overlook the valleys of the Waipa and Waikato rivers. After scrambling up through bushes and undergrowth we reached the top and got a fine view of the country drained by the rivers, and of many rolling mountain ranges beyond. We especially noticed the volcanic cone of Tarawera, which a month or two afterwards burst out into activity again. The waters of the Waipa looked very muddy as compared with the stream of the Waikato and flowed for a considerable distance before becoming thoroughly mingled with it. Proceeding on our journey, we reached Huntly toward evening.

On investigation Huntley turned out a black, grimy, dreary, town, but it is in the centre of an important coal district. We walked out to look at one of the coal mines. A long drive of one thousand two hundred feet descends an incline plane, up which the trucks are drawn by a cable worked by an engine. The boss offered to conduct us down the drive and half a mile further into the black bowels of the earth, but as it was very damp, as dark as pitch, and altogether uninviting, we were not persuaded to attempt the trip. From a dreary tract outside the mine smoke was continually issuing from the ground. On asking the reason of the uncanny sight, we were told that a seam of coal had in some way ignited, and had smouldered for months.

The Waikato River is very wide at Huntly, and in several places below the town is split into two or more channels by islands. The river between Huntly and Rangiriri is quite pretty, many fine cabbage-palms growing on the banks. From a Maori whare on the shore three dogs came out and barked loudly at us, but more in fun than malice. The common native dwelling, or whare, has a high pitched roof, mud walls, and a broad verandah, Several of those standing near the river were built on poles, to lift them above the water when the river is in flood. The chief building in a Maori settlement is the wharepuni, or common sleeping-place, The front boards of its roof are carved and grotesquely ornamented

with giant heads with goggle eyes of shell. In the wharepuni, young and old, of both sexes and all ages, wrapped in blankets, and each upon a mat, sleep together. Sometimes as many as forty persons sleep in one wharepuni, and many animals find shelter there also. To add to the thickness and unwholesomeness of the atmosphere, every person smokes a strong pipe, and fires are kept burning on the earthen floor. It is not to be wondered at, if, on leaving such an atmosphere as this on a cold night, chills leading to lung diseases and consumption, should result. Another thing that contributes to the spread of chest-diseases among the natives is their habit of wearing European clothes during the day, and at night sitting in thoir whares in the simple mat or blanket of earlier days.

Hogs, the descendants of those introduced by Captain Cook and other navigators, are common around Maori settlements, and very singular specimens of the race are often seen. Many have no ears, having lost them

WELL-BORN MAORI WOMAN.

in rough and tumble fights with the dogs of the neighborhood who have learned that, if they hold on tightly to the hog's ear, he cannot tear them with his teeth. Wild boar are found in some parts of the colony, and the hounds are taught to approach one on each side, and grip the boar's ears. Other hogs may be seen around a settlement who are big and strong about the neck, head and shoulders, but whose hind-quarters shrink away in a most woefully disproportionate manner. This peculiarity is caused by their eating the berries of the New Zealand laurel, which contain prussic acid in considerable quantity, and shrivel and shrink up the muscles of the loins.

The False Step.

(By Mrs. Eiddon Jones Llanrug, in 'Alliance News.')

CHAPTER I.

'Oh, mother, what do you think? I have got a place at the Plas as kitchen maid. I had heard that they wanted one, and thought it best to go there at once, so went on my way from town; and I think I am very lucky. I get twelve pounds wages, and two pounds for beer money. Now, mother, are you not very glad?'

Thus spoke a bright, spirited girl, with the bloom of health on her cheeks.

'I am so glad, as I shall be nearer home, and it will be a good school for me to become a cook.'

She rattled along, doing all the talking, and never noticing her mother, who was unusually silent.

'Mother, mother!' why don't you tell me that you are glad I have got the place? I am sure I will be able to give you a nice new dress out of my first year's wages, and also to buy something for father.'

Looking in her mother's face she soon found that all was not as she wished it to be.

'Yes, Maggie, I should have been very glad for you to go to the Plas, only for one thing, and that spoils it all. You say they allow you two pounds for beer money. I don't like that at all.'

'But, mother, I shall keep that money and you shall have it.'

'Yes, Mag; but listen. I want to tell you a tale of what happened before you were born.'

'Before I was married—indeed, when quite a young girl—I went to service to Coed—, just as you think of going now, as a girl to the kitchen. There were four servants besides myself. The cook had been there for a number of years, and was thought much of by Mrs. Hunter, who allowed her to do very much as she liked, trusting all to her. As you may think, we girls tried to please her in everything, but I had not been there long when I found that she had one great failing. She was very fond of her grog in going to bed. As we had an allowance for beer, we were expected to spend that, and every night we all had a small glass of hot whiskey. By degrees I became so used to it that I looked forward to having it. We were a merry lot of girls, and soon formed friendship with some young men, who used to come and see us, and join us with our beer and whiskey. We knew full well how to get over the cook to let us have our visitors, as we knew her weakness, and a good strong dose would pave the way for all we wanted. Among the young men who came to visit us your father came—a young fellow, as good-hearted, and jolly, and free, as ever trod the earth; and, like the rest, he would join in all our fun, and sometimes would bring a bottle with him. "As a present, to keep the cook in good humor," as he said.

'Matters went on thus for a year or so, and then I found that if your father and I went out for the day, as sometimes we used to go, when I got my day off—he became more and more fond of his glass. This used to vex me, but if I said anything he would say, 'Oh, it is all right, we are having a little jolly time of it. We are young now, and come you, have a glass with me, my dear; come, we will go in here, and have it." And I would yield to him, and often went, and thus things went on for some years. Your father was a good working man, and earned good wages, and always having plenty of money often bought me many nice presents. So in time he hinted that he thought we had better get married, and after some persuasion, I said I would if he would wait another year, as I wanted to prepare some things for making a home. One night—it was a pay night—Bob had been to town, and had met some friends there, and as usual, came to see me at Coed, on his way home. When he came I found he had been drinking rather heavily, so I tried to coax him to go home quietly; but, he would go into the kitchen "to see cook," as he said, and he drew a bottle out of his pocket, and made us have some of it. Then he began to be very cross and noisy. I had never seen him like that before, and I tried all I could to quiet him, but all to no purpose. Hearing the noise, Mrs. Hunter came to know what it was about, and found matters in a state she had no idea at all of. She was very cross, and next day I had notice to leave.

'This vexed me very much, indeed, and when I blamed your father, he threw it back to me, and said, "But where did I learn to drink?" Was it not with you, in Mrs. Hunter's kitchen ?" I took this much to heart, and made up my mind that I would never touch a single drop again. We were married, and had a wee tidy cottage in Ll——, and matters went on pretty well for a time. Then you were born, and your brothers Henry and David; I soon had my arms full of work, and found it difficult to keep my home as I should, inasmuch as at times I felt worn and weak. Little by little your father took to calling at the Sun, as he came home from work, and sometimes he would stay there in the mornings, instead of going to work. Thus we went into debt, and had to give up our pretty cottage and go into this house; and, my child, you know a little of the trouble I have had during the past few years. Your father is a kind, good man, only the drink has ruined him; and who taught him to drink but me? So you know the reason why I don't like you to go to the Plas. You are going to the same temptation as your mother; and more, the doctors in these days say that alcohol enters the blood, and that children inherit from their parents a craving for drink. So, my child, I am afraid that we have given it to you, and it may be your curse as well. Oh, Mag, how my first place has influenced all my life! You know, my child, what a life your father lives, and to think that by me he was first tempted to drink, and that I went with him to a public-house. Oh, how I have lived to repent of my false step, and now here you come with another trial. Oh! that I could give you the feelings that I have at this moment! But, Mag, promise me—yes, promise me—that you will never touch it.'

'Then, mother, I must send the earnest back, and look for another place?'

'Yes, Mag, dear, do that; and take a warning from your mother's life, and though it looks very tempting to get two pounds for beer money, don't yield, but pray every day, my darling, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil," Go back to your present place, my girl, and I am sure another place will open for you.'

CHAPTER II.

In a week or so Mag sent to her mother to come to town, and when she went it was about another place she wanted to see her. This time it was in a tradesman's family, where she was wanted to be one of two servants. Mr. Jenkins was a grocer in a pretty large way; that is, he kept four or five young men, and did a very good business. The family did not live on the premises, but resided about five minutes' walk out of town. Mrs. Jenkins was a delicate, sensitive woman, without much education, being one of a large family of children. She had buried all her little ones in infancy, and had troubled a great deal over her loss. Mr. Jenkins was, as many business men are, wrapped up in his business affairs, and had but little time or inclination for home life, so that his wife had a deal of time upon her hands.

Mag hired, and went to her new place, and found she could do pretty much as she liked in the kitchen, as long as she attended and devoted a good deal of time to Mrs. Jenkins. The family doctor very often called in, as Mrs. Jenkins was one of his best paying patients, and it was by his order that she took porter at 11 o'clock and port wine after dinner.

'Really, my dear Mrs. Jenkins, you must take it, as you are in a very weak state.'

Some time previous to this Mr. Jenkins had taken out a grocers' license, and thus sold bottled porter, and good old port, as it is called. Maggie soon found that she was obliged to go to the shop and fetch all that her mistress required, and it soon became known among the assistants that more than

enough drink was carried up to the house. But Mr. Jenkins had no suspicions upon the matter. Indeed, though it was often known that Mrs. Jenkins was 'far gone,' her husband was quite in the dark about it.

One evening, however, they had invited some friends to supper, and to Mr. Jenkins' horror, before supper was half over, poor Mrs. Jenkins was quite 'gone,' and this created much unpleasantness in the home. Maggie felt it very much; she had unknowingly gone into the midst of temptation, but as her mistress never offered her any drink she escaped, but felt very much for her mistress, and tried to get her to give it up, taking her now and again a tasty meal, to try and wean her from the drink. But things were going from bad to worse, and it became known that poor Mrs. Jenkins was a confirmed drunkard. And as home life became unbearable, Mr. Jenkins spent a great deal of his time at the hotel, where he got plenty of attention and a comfortable room with a bright fire and good company, but where he had to stand treat to a room full. Thus the business had to bear a too heavy burden.

About the same time as Maggie went into Mr. Jenkin's service, her brother Henry, was taken into a shop in town as errand boy. After a time, being a sharp, intelligent boy, he was taken behind the counter, and became very useful to his master. But, seeing an advertisement for an assistant at the Eagle (Mr. Jenkins' shop), he applied, and having said he was a brother of Maggie's he was taken on, and soon became a great favorite with the young men. His mother had never given the matter any thought, not having seen the evil effects of the grocers' license. If it had been a public-house, or a hotel, she would have been wide awake to the question, but the lad went into temptation without a warning; but oh! the sad effects of it! As a part of his duty lay in bottling beer, porter, and spirits, he was soon led by the others to take a little, and as at times—especially on market days—they were so busy that they did not have time to get their meals, it was very easy to go and take a mouthful now and again. And without any one even suspecting, or indeed, he himself thinking, he became a confirmed drunkard. We who knew the family history knew that the seed was there from childhood. Having inherited from his father what proved under the temptation to be his ruin, poor lad, he fell! One of the ten thousand that the grocers' license has killed, without a warning from anyone, and died quite a young man, bringing home again to his poor mother the effects of that false step of hers. This also brought home to Maggie her mother's warning, and she felt she ought to have warned Henry from entering Mr. Jenkins' shop; but, like many others, she did not see until it was too late, and never opened her eyes to the evil until it had taken her dear brother from her. She was the last to find out that Henry had become a drunkard.

Maggie still lived with Mr. Jenkins, but before long it became evident to her that money was more scarce than it had been, and that trouble was looming in the distance, and that the business was falling off. Mr. Jenkins spent more and more of his time in the bar of the Queen's, and often spent a good round sum in treats. He was considered to be a very jolly fellow, more popular a deal than he was in former years. Who is so popular as he who gives, no matter whether it is his own or other people's money that he gives, and very often a man's bad character is smoothed over, if he is a jolly, free fellow. But circumstances could not continue as they were for a very long time—both husband and wife drinking—and the young fellows in the shop careless, and helping themselves to the wines and spirits. One day Mr. Jenkins had a rude awakening, and found ruin staring him in the face. Having been so long used to go to the Queen's, there he went to drown his care, but went home from there never again to go to shop or bar, as he was suddenly taken away with an apoplectic stroke.

Now poor, weak, Mrs. Jenkins was a helpless mortal. When all the affairs were wound up it was found that there was next to nothing left; and, being a woman of no resources, she found it hard indeed to get anything to do to maintain herself. A few friends, who had often tried to get her to give up her drinking habits, assisted her to take a small shop. But as long as she had a penny left, it had to go in drink, and she went from bad to worse. One day, while returning from the shop, where she still continued to get the drink, she fell, and was badly hurt, and was carried to the hospital, where she lingered for a few weeks, and at last the end came.

CHAPTER III.

Maggie had to look for another place, and after a time went to a doctor's family. While here she was taken very ill with influenza, and the doctor recommended her the old-fashioned remedy—rum and milk—and now, for the first time, she tasted the drink, which had caused her family so much trouble and sorrow. When she got better she remembered her mother's words—'Promise me that you will never touch it.' She felt some craving for it, as if something had been touched in her nature that she never before knew about. In her trial she remembered how poor Mrs. Jenkins and her brother Henry, had gone, and she determined to make a great effort to get free from the chains she felt were weighing her down. In great trouble she tried to pray as she had never done before, and the verse of a Psalm which she had learned when she was a child came to her with great force, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth; he will not suffer my foot to be moved. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil,' and she felt she received strength, and in that strength she determined to devote herself to try and save others from this great curse.

At Christmas time she went home to visit her mother, and take her a present of a dress. She was then introduced to the girl who had taken the place she had refused at the Plas. Her brother David had met the girl, and was rather taken with her, and wanted Mag to know her. They arranged to go together to B—— for a day, David taking a young friend with him, and Janet going with Mag. They were a pleasant party, as Jack was very jolly company; but, after walking about the town, they had to go and have tea, so went to an hotel, as they did not know of any other place where they could take the girls to. After tea, Jack wanted to stand treat, to have drink; but Maggie at once objected, and said, 'Both David and I are strict abstainers.' Both Janet and Jack tried to make great fun of it, and endeavored by all means they could to laugh them out of their 'fad,' as they called it. But Mag had seen so much of the ill effects of drink, and knew from experience what the battle was, that she took it quite seriously, and said——'

'Well, now, don't joke upon this matter, as it is one of life and death for some of us; and I wish I could give you a little of my experience, and then you would say, with me, that it is no laughing matter.'

She told them a little of her history, and with much feeling set forth how they had lost one dear brother through drink.

'Can you wonder,' she said, 'that I feel so strongly upon this matter? And, now we are here, let me have you both join David and me to be life-long abstainers, and may God help us to keep it to our dying day.'

Jack seemed to be much impressed by what Maggie had said; yet, having been used to his glass and his friends, he felt it very difficult to decide. Mag, seeing him wavering, said—

'Now, Jack, is it not best to be on the safe side? You must allow that you and everyone else who drink are in great danger, when you play with temptation? And, now, ask yourself, where are the friends that you used to go with? Are they better or worse for taking drink?'

Taking her hand, he said—

'You are right, Maggie; it is better to be safe, and I will be a "true blue," as long as I live.'

David, seeing Janet rather crestfallen, said to her—

'Come, Janet, what do you say?'

It was very easy to see that the question was given with much anxiety and feeling, as his hope lay in winning her for his wife. But Janet made no reply. Mag, went up, and called her out of the room.

'Mag,' she said, 'I can't promise; no, indeed, I cannot, as we have it in the Plas every night. You know, they allow beer money, and ever since I went there I have had to join the others with their toddy. So I could never live if I were a tee-toe. They would so laugh at me. So I can't promise.'

'But, Janet, do what is right; it will pay in the end.'

In going home, David, after long arguments, got Janet to promise she would sign the pledge. Poor Janet had to bear a great deal of scoffing, but it did not last long, as David was most anxious for her to leave. So she became his wife, and lived many a long year to thank God she had been persuaded to give up her beer when she saw the lives led by some of the other servants that had been with her at the Plas.

In after life Maggie and Jack lived in a pretty cottage they had built for themselves. Mag often cheered her old mother's heart by saying, 'If you were led into a false step, mother, it led you to teach me what was right."

'And Mag saved me, dear mother,' Jack would chime in.

Still the old mother went back to the days when she was young, and began life so full of hope, and her heart went out to those who lay in a drunkard's grave, and who can tell the sorrow and void that filled her heart when she brooded upon the past, and thought how very different life might have been to those erring ones but for her false step?

The late Dr. Ward Richardson regarded tobacco as twin evil with strong drink. In his recently published Memoir he says: 'I have not a line to write in favor of tobacco, and for a long series of years—twenty-four at least—I have scrupulously avoided smoking because of its bad effects on health and vitality. Smoking is not simply a dirty habit, but one that injures the body. It is not in character with the work of the animal machine. It stupifies the mental organs; deranges the blood; impairs the circulation; weakens the digestion, and stunts the growth. It also produces local mischief, and is most distinctly provocative of some fatal forms of disease. No child ought ever to be inducted into its use, and in a sanitary world conducted on sound principles indulgence in tobacco would be unknown.'

The Things That Are Behind.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

('Silver Link.')

'Some people may find it easy to follow the advice of this beautful text, Margie, but it's the things that are behind that I can't forget.' Thus spake Alice Morton as she sat by the couch of her sick friend. 'If only one could really have a new year. But it is the same old thing over and over, resolving and failing and repenting. I declare I'm ashamed to look another year in the face, and, as for forgetting——. And I meant to grow so much, to be so far along; and here I am, the same Alice, in the same spot, shirking the things I ought to do, hurting people's feelings wth my unruly tongue, selfish and careless,——'

'O stop, you headlong girl; thou shalt not bear false witness against my neighbor.'

'It is true witness, Margie, more's the pity. You're one of the shut-ins, and keep out of the storm; but last night when Mr. Hildreth told us each one to ask herself, "What testimony will this past year bear for me?" I had a great mind to get up and go home, before they got to talking about it. I thought of those ridiculous Chinese plastering up the mouth of the kitchen-god so he can't tell about any of their goings-on. It must be comfortable to be a heathen.'

'But things would be just the same, and it's the being that matters.'

'Yes, I know; and I don't seem able to help, the being. I sat down last year, and made up my mind, just what kind of a girl I wanted to be, and really meant to be; and I wrote it all out in my journal, "My Ideal"; and then I went on doing things and not doing things, till that ideal grew to be like the Old Man of the Sea,—or the old woman; she just haunted me till I hated her, so I tore her out and burned her up.'

'I'm glad she's burnt,' laughed Margie; 'I know I shouldn't have liked her half so well as my Alice; but now she's one of the things that are behind,' and we must let her go. She wouldn't do for this year's ideal, because you know if we go on we are always getting past things. I should like to be a great artist, and be able to paint into a picture the vision I have of that thought of Paul's — a strong, well-poised figure, eager, but steady—with a grave earnest face, pressing onward along a road that always tends upward; leaving continually behind the things that once were before, and without any haste or hurry just pressing toward something beyond. No artist could put it all in, though; it would need life to express it.'

'One might live it, instead of painting it,' said Alice; 'some people do; but it means much,—to leave behind, and to reach forward, and to press on.'

'Don't you think it would be easier if we remembered what Paul said he was pressing forward for, and what the prize was that he hoped to gain? He says it was "that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, but that which is through the faith of Christ!" I am very sure that what I used to press forward for was "mine own righteousness, which is of the law"; that is, doing certain things, and leaving others undone, so that I might win, not Christ, but my ideal.'

'Just as I have been doing.'

'Well, dear, you have never had my lessons. I've lain here, in this little shelter, with nothing to do but think; and some things have grown plain that I really never took time to understand before. And I see so clearly that it isn't attaining that matters half so much as the reaching forth and the pressing towards. And so I don't spend much time in asking myself whether I have "attained," but I study the things that will make me more eager in reaching forward and pressing on, so that I might win Christ.'

There were tears in Alice's eyes as she took hold of Maggie's delicate hand, but she raised her hand with a whimsical smile, 'That will do for you and St. Paul, Margie; but there isn't a trace of the saint in me. My road has to be marked out with sign-posts and mile-stones to keep me from straggling off altogether; and there are ever so many things that are real stumbling blocks to me, only I never dared to tell the whole truth about them. I believe I'll begin my New Year by doing it, though you'll be shocked. In the first place, the bible doesn't interest me very much; it never seems like any personal message, as it does to you. Then I never get any real comfort out of prayer. Either my thoughts go wandering off, or else all the discouraging things come settling down upon me, and fairly stifle me. Now then, St. Margaret, what do you say to that? for I do assure you it is the ugly truth.'

'ALICE TOOK HOLD OF MAGGIE'S DELICATE HAND.

'Yes,' said Margie, quietly; 'I understand all about those stumbling-blocks, because they used to bother me before I was shut in. There's the trouble about prayer. I used to think of it as a sort of ceremony that was really for God's sake instead of my own, something I owed to him, to express my gratitude, and ask for help; and I felt ashamed and condemned if I neglected it. But I learned to see that it was all for my sake, that my Father, who knew all I needed, and could give it to me without my asking, wanted to strengthen in me the filial instinct; and I came after a while to feel about talking with him as I used to feel about writing home when I was away at school

'And then the bible-reading. That was the same thing, until I learned to go to my bible as I did to my home letters, to find love and counsel. When I really took hold of this feeling of a personal relation with my Father, I read such words as: "The Father himself loveth you," "Touched with the feeling of our infirmities," "Beloved, now are we the sons of God," just as I used to read in mamma's letters: "Don't be discouraged, dear child, but remember we love you well enough to make allowances. We think and talk and pray about you.'

There was a little silence, in which you could hear the slow tick of the clock, and a sleepy chirp from the bird, stirring in his cage: then Alice said, 'It all depends, then, on the personal relation that makes a real talking with God possible; and that must come of love, a kind of love that I am afraid I have never attained.'

'No one attains love; don't you remember the bible says, "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts," like light from a lamp? It is knowing God that makes him seem to us what he is, the tenderest, the closest, the most patient of friends. If we could just hold to this sense of dwelling with him, not just going to him, it would make everything clear. The things that are behind would never trouble us; we would leave them behind us and press on.'

The clock began to chime the hour, and across the silent village came the sound of bells ringing. Alice turned to her friend, and dropped on her knees by her pillow, whispering, '"That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness"; pray for that, Margie, and I'll let all the past go.'—Emily Huntington Miller.

A Correspondence Column.

To come into closer touch with our many readers we intend to devote a column or two to correspondence. We want to hear from all our readers. Tell us the things that you think will prove interesting to all. We will be specially glad to hear from the little folks, about their pet animals, and favorite stories, or whatever calls out their greatest interest. A prize of a small book will be given for the best letter sent in during the month of January, by readers under fifteen years of age. Neatness, legibility, and the age of the writer, will be considered, as well as the interest of the letter, and the correctness of the language and spelling. Write only on one side of the paper.

'THE WEE BIT RAGGED LADDIE.'

(Editor 'Northern Messenger.')

Sir,—I am one of your many readers who every week receive and enjoy your many good things, contained in the 'Messenger.' Although I have many times said the 'Messenger' is a perfect paper for a family, yet you have not received my thanks. But when in a recent issue you gave us that song entitled 'The wee bit ragged laddie,' I resolved that you should know how much it stirred one heart, and brought up visions of the land of brown heath and shaggy wood.

I remember when a little child over thirty years ago, it was very popular in Scotland. In a small country town in which I lived; a lad of perhaps twelve years came around every stormy night singing this song, and as the clear young voice rose on the street, doors and windows were crowded with women and children. As he sang the woes of the drunkard's wean, I have seen women weep and heard children say, 'Oh, mither, gie the puir laddie a bawbee,' and many a penny and bawbee found their way into his pocket. I had forgotten some of the lines, and you may imagine how delighted I was to find them again. Yours gratefully, H. M.

'What is the Use?'

"Tis no use, and I shall not try to learn it,' said an impatient little boy, throwing his book down upon the table.

'What is of no use, Henry?' said his mother, who was watching him.

'This hard lesson in geography, mother, about Egypt and Syria. I don't care anything about these places, nor who lives there; so what is the use of learning about them? I believe people write hard books just to make children study them, and grow cross.'

'Now, you are unreasonable, my son; but bring me the book, and let me look at this disagreeable lesson.'

'O mother, you won't think it hard; you don't have to study, and learn lessons now.'

'My child, there are many lessons, and hard ones too, that are to be learned and practised every day by every one.'

'You, too, mother! what are they, will you tell me?'

'We must learn to be like Christ, kind, gentle, patient, and useful; watchful over our temper, that we do not grow violent, sullen, or revengeful; study our own characters and those of others, that we may know how to live a good example to others, how to do them good, and to profit by what we see excellent in them. These are not easy lessons, Henry; and old and young alike must learn them.'

'But not you, mother, you are so good now.'

'No, Henry; I have not done learning yet; and your perverseness this morning has given me a lesson. I have been grieved, and almost angry, at your want of application, and impatience too, as I wished to devote this morning to other purposes. Of this, your conduct has deprived me; and I must learn to bear this little trial with patience, and try and persuade you to be more attentive in the future.'

'O mother, I'm so very sorry!' said Henry, tears starting to his eyes. 'I will try again now, and perhaps you can go.'

'Not this morning, my son; but now we will read this book-lesson.'

'But, mother, what use is it for me to study all this, if I never want to go to Egypt, and don't care who lives there?'

'Some time you may have occasion to go, when you are a man; and you would appear very foolish, if you, never having paid any attention to geography, should tell your friends you should take the California steamer for Egypt; or, not having studied the history of the country, should suppose it was governed by a president and congress. But do you not remember anything about Egypt; what an old country it is, and who lived there four thousand years ago?'

'O mother, why Joseph and his brothers lived in Egypt; is this the very same place?'

'Yes, the same.'

'Oh! I thought that was so long ago, that nobody knew anything about the place now.'

'O yes, it is the same country it was then; and the same river, by the side of which Moses was hid in his basket of bulrushes, still fertilizes the whole land by its waters.'

'The Nile, mother, do you mean, the great river? I know just where it is on the map; and is this the very same, where the little baby was left all alone, and his sister stood out of sight to watch him? O I am so glad to know it! I shall like Egypt now, mother. But what is the use to study Latin and French, and all the big books Fanny and George have; and arithmetic, too—such very hard sums? I don't think I shall study them, if I do go to Egypt when I am a man.'

'If you did not understand arithmetic you could not tell how many miles you travelled, how much money you would spend, how far you were from home, the day of the month, or the time you would return. If you did not understand grammar, you could not write intelligible letters home to your friends; you would make sad mistakes, which would mortify you and us all very much. The French language is spoken in other countries much more than the English; and though you might possibly contrive to travel through Europe without speaking any language but English, yet you would be deprived of many agreeable acquaintances and many useful sources of information. So you must certainly study French, if you mean to be a traveller.'

'O mother, dear, how much we have to learn! and it is all of use,

too. But I can never study so much.'

'It has not to be done all at once, my child: years are given you to acquire this knowledge, if you choose to improve the time.'

'Then, mother, I will read this lesson over and over again, until I know it perfectly.'

'That is right, my son; but I hope you will never forget that if you have all the knowledge in the world and have not the love of God and man in your heart, it will profit you nothing.' — 'Children's Messenger.'

A Real Hero.

There was a little girl named Constance. Her father was dead, and her mother quite poor. Constance went to a school, which was also attended by the children of several rich families in the neighborhood. The children used to make great fun of poor Constance, because she was not dressed as they were. One day they were going home from school. Constance was walking a little way before them. One of the girls pointed to her and said:

'See how many patches she has on her dress! One, two, three, four.'

Then the boys all laughed at her. Poor little Constance! She burst into tears and tried to run home.

'Cry baby! cry baby!' shouted the boys.

'I don't want her to sit by me,' cried Ella Gray.

'What right has she to come to our school?' asked proud Lily Gross.

There was only one boy in that school who was brave enough to do what was right under these circumstances. His name was Douglas Stewart. He felt sorry for poor Constance, and, breaking away from the rude boys and girls, he ran up to her to try to comfort her.

'Never mind what they say. Let me carry your books. Cheer up! It's only a little way to your house, isn't it?'

'I live in the house under the hill,' said Constance, 'It isn't like your grand house.'

'No matter for that. It has pretty vines, and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in,' said Douglas, smiling. 'I dare say you are very happy there.'

'Yes, but I don't want to come to the school any more,' said Constance, softly.

'Oh, things will be all right in a day or two,' said the boy, kindly. 'Never mind them just now.'

It turned out as Douglas said. There was no one in the school who had more influence with the scholars than he had, and when they saw how bravely he took the part of poor Constance, they all felt ashamed of themselves. After that no one in the school ever spoke an unkind word to her. This was *truly* noble of that boy; he was acting like a real hero.—'The Water Lily.'

Sometimes when you are in the dark and afraid; when the clock ticks, and the stairs creak, a little, and you seem to see something or hear something; think what Jesus said to his disciples. They were all sitting talking about how he had died, and some said they knew he was risen, for he had been seen again. Then Jesus, all of a sudden, stood among them. How frightened they were! Wouldn't you have been afraid? But Jesus only said, 'Peace be unto you.'

Don't you see that if Jesus gives you his peace, you will shut your eyes and go to sleep very quietly, for you will feel that he is watching.—'Mayflower.'

A Big Blot.

One day, when Aunt Clara was out of the room, Charlie and Frank tipped over a bottle of ink which stood on her desk.

'Don't tell her!' whispered Charlie. 'We'll shut the door and run away, and she'll never know who did it.'

'Oh, we ought to tell her,' urged Frank, 'and say that we are sorry.'

'No, don't tell; it's ever so much easier not to,' whispered Charlie, and ran away.

'I'm going to tell her this very minute, before it gets any harder,' said brave little Frank.

When he had found auntie and *told her, she hastened* to her room and wiped up the ink, and put some salts of lemon on the ugly spot that it had made on the carpet. 'I am so glad that you told me at once,' she said; 'for, if the ink had dried in, it would have ruined my carpet and desk. Now, I don't think that it will show at all.'

'It is just like God's forgiving us, isn't it, aunt?' said Frank thoughtfully. 'If we tell him about our sins straight away, and say we are sorry, and ask him to forgive us, he does; and then our hearts are clean again.' — 'Children's Friend.'

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care,
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
'I am thankful,' said he,
'As I can be,'
For the gift of such a son.'

Only small things, but they brighten the life,
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, but they mould a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize
The reward which labor brings
And not abuses,
Comes to him who uses,
The power of little things.
—'Temperance Record.'

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE

The Spider and the Fly.

A spider prepared his web in the corner of a room with great care and skill, and having completed it in the most perfect manner, retired into its darkest recesses to lie in wait for his prey. Soon a little thoughtless fly became entangled in the net, and the spider, warned by the struggles of the victim to obtain freedom, leaving his hiding place, turned one web around him, and retired, upon some slight cause of alarm. By and by he again approached his victim, turned another web around hm, and retired. This was repeated several times, till the fly was fast bound, and incapable of resistance, when the spider fell upon him, and deprived him of life by sucking his life's blood.

In watching this process there seemed to be a striking analogy between this spider, his web and the fly, and the seller of alcoholic liquors, his shop and his customers. The liquor seller opens his shop, fills it with glasses and decanters, all arranged in the order best to attract attention; he then takes his stand and waits for his unhappy customers. Soon some unfortunate one enters —a glass of liquor is poured out, paid for and drank. Thus the web is turned once round. By and by he comes again, and another web is turned, and then another, and another still. Now the victim may make an effort to escape, but in vain. The web is fixed,—the fetters are strong—the appetite is confirmed.

But to return to the spider. All designs and plans, from the first moment he spins his thread and attaches it securely, regard only his own personal benefit. He spends his life in depriving others of that which he cannot restore. No matter what others may suffer, he is the gainer; the pains and the tortures they undergo are of no concern to him. And so it is with the liquor seller. The widow and the fatherless cry, and the land mourns because of his destructive traffic. The spider's daily depredations affect only the individual victim; but the effects of the liquor-seller extend to a whole circle of relatives, men, women, and children; cities, towns, and villages;—a nation—the world—time—eternity.'—'League Journal.'

Anecdote of Neal Dow.

Neal Dow was once passing down one of the streets of Portland, Me., when he noticed a crowd of people, among whom was the mayor of the city. In the centre of the group was a country lad, crying. The lad had been imposed upon by a noted horse jockey of the town, who had got the boy drunk, and then induced him to swap the horse he had driven into town for an old plug.

Upon hearing his story, telling the boy to follow him and lead the jockey's horse, Mr. Dow led the way to the latter's stable, nearly a mile distant. Not finding the jockey in, the old horse was turned into the stable, and Mr. Dow, with the country lad still following him, turned to go downtown again. On the way they met the jockey, driving in a waggon to which the lad's horse was attached.

'That's my horse,' said the boy.

Mr. Dow stopped into the road, took the horse by the bridle, and calling to one of his employees who happened to be passing at the time, told him to unharness the horse, which he did; the irate jockey swore like a trooper, and threatened to take the law on Mr. Dow, who replied:

'You will always know where to find me.'

Then telling the boy to take the horse, he started to lead the way downtown where the lad's waggon had been left.

'Look a-here,' said the jockey, as they went, 'what am I to do with my waggon?'

'Do what you like,' said Mr. Dow, 'it's nothing to me.'

As may be expected, the country lad was full of joy and profuse with thanks.

When he had harnessed his horse he said to Mr. Dow:

'Now, what can I do for you?'

'Promise me not to drink any more,' and the boy did so.

Some three years after Neal Dow was stopped by a countryman in the streets who, with mouth stretched on a broad grin, said, pointing to a horse, 'There he is. I hain't drunk no more.'—Dr. A. L. Banks, in 'Christian Herald.'

Alcohol and Disease.

A man was recently brought into one of the public hospitals of a large city suffering from a bruise. He had fallen backwards across a narrow obstruction of some kind, and upon examination it was found that he had fractured one of the bones of the spine. The back was not what is commonly called broken, but one of the bones was cracked in such a way that unless an operation was performed and the pressure of the fragment upon the spinal cord relieved, paralysis and probably collapse would follow.

The operation, though comparatively rare, is not excessively difficult, and the man's chance for recovery would have been at least an even one; but when the surgeons ordered him to be prepared for the operation, it was noticed that he bore marks of being addicted to drink. The operation was immediately abandoned, and the man died within a week.

To the casual reader it might seem a case of professional heartlessness. But the doctor knew, — from sufficient experience in just such cases—how powerless the man would be, worn out as he was, by indulgence, to withstand the shock of an operation. And since cases of a similar sort are of frequent occurrence in all our large public and private hospitals, it is worth while to inquire into the cause of such a state of affairs, and to draw from it a lesson and perhaps a moral.

The downward course of a person who becomes enslaved to stimulants follows a natural law. Beginning with a sufficient quantity of alcohol to produce a certain pleasurable sensation, he finds himself, quite as a matter of course, gradually increasing his daily allowance.

Alcohol stimulates the various organs of the body to increased work. By this increase of exercise the organ grows, and the larger organ makes larger demands. These demands the tippler interprets as a call for more alcohol, and so the round is continued.

Under excessive stimulation the substance of the body begins to change its character. Food which cannot be used is stored up in the form of fat. Watery instead of solid substances appear. Eventually the organs themselves change their appearance and begin to break down and decay. Then comes a crisis — through accident or some acute disturbance—and the unfortunate victim is unable to call on nature to help him against the shock—and death follows. — 'Youth's Companion.'

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON II.—JAN. 9.

JESUS TEMPTED.

Matt. iv., 1-11. Memory verses 4-11.

Golden Text.

'For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted.' (Heb. ii., 18).

Lesson Story.

After the baptism of our Lord, the Spirit led him away into the wilderness to be tempted, or proved. For forty long days and nights he was there in the desert alone, with nothing to eat. Then the temptation came to Jesus to turn the stones into bread and, thus relieve his hunger. But our Lord had taken upon him the form of a servant, that he might save us, and would do no miracle to ease his own sufferings. He would have lost his perfect humanity had he exercised his divine power on his own behalf. (Heb. ii., 16, 11.)

Jesus was tempted as the Son of God, he answered as the Son of man.

The second temptation might seem to an unthinking man very plausible. The tempter quoted the promises of safekeeping which God gives to his obedient children, whilst urging our Lord to disobedience. If Jesus had thrown himself down from the highest point of the temple, and had reached the ground safely, doubtless the whole city would have at once thronged to him and accepted him as a messenger from God. Our Lord resisted this temptation to popularity and fame. He had come from heaven to do his Father's will and the faintest turning from God's will now would mar the whole plan. If God had commanded him to cast himself from the pinnacle he would not have hesitated for a moment. We are always safe in obedience to God, but never safe in disobedience.

Finally, the tempter, grown desperate, seems to intimate that if Jesus really were the Son of God he would have done the other things to prove his divinity. Since he has not proven it, the tempter offers him the sovereignty of the whole universe if Christ will but obey him, Satan. 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' Christ could speak this word with power because he himself had encountered this temptation and conquered it.

When Jesus had resisted all the temptations, the tempter fled, and God sent his angels to comfort and minister unto his dearly beloved Son.

Lesson Hymn.

Christian! dost thou see them,
On the holy ground
How the powers of darkness
Compass thee around?
Christian! up and smite them
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

Christian! dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian never tremble;
Never yield to fear.
Jesus is thy Saviour—
He is ever near.

'Well I know thy trouble
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary, too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.'

—ANDREW OF CRETE.

Suggested Hymns.

'Yield not to temptation,' 'Have courage, my boy, to say No,' 'Jesus knows thy sorrow,' 'Let the Saviour in,' 'Jesus will help you.'

Lesson Hints.

'Led up of the Spirit'—the Holy Spirit is the Guide of our Christian life. When he leads us into trial and testing, he will sustain us through it all. He who puts himself unnecessarily in the way of temptation has no surety of victory.

'If' — notice the insidious temptation to doubt his relation to God. Truly, 'he was in all points tempted as we are.'

'Command' — consider it your right to have bread.' A temptation to doubt God's justice. 'Bread'—a temptation to escape the sufferings of the flesh, and thus make impossible the sympathy and compassion which unites Christ to us, his brethren.

'It is written'—our Saviour made valiant use of the 'Sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God,' and with it vanquished for ever the enemy of our souls. It is worthy of note that these answers are all quoted from Deuteronomy, the 'Book of the Law,' in which all Jewish children were well instructed. Our Lord had probably learned these passages of Scripture at his mother's knee, and had meditated upon them until they had become part of his very being. And now, in the hour of need, they came naturally to his aid. Let us learn from this to store our mind with God's word! Let us learn to 'meditate upon it day and night' until it shall become so much a part of us that we can not forget it any more than we can forget our own hands.

'Not live by bread alone'—the soul is infinitely more important than the body.

'Pinnacle'—a point about six hundred feet above the ground.

'He shall give'—this passage is taken from Psalm xci. The tempter can quote scripture to deceive us, but the Spirit of God teaches us to rightly discern the meaning of scripture, and prevents us from foolishly twisting it to suit our own convenience.

'Not tempt the Lord'—presuming on his love, expecting him to care for our safety and comfort while we are disobeying him.

'All these things'—the tempter promised what he could not give. The world belongs to God and he has given it to his Son. (Rev. xi., 15.)

Primary Lesson.

Once there was a little boy who was asked if he could walk ten miles in a day. He said he could. He was asked if he had ever tried it. No, he had never tried it, but he knew that he could do it.

Would any one believe that he could do such a hard thing if he had never even been tried?

We only find out what we can do by trying, we only find out what we are by being tried.

If a miner wants to find out whether there is gold in a lump of metal, he tries it in the furnace. If it is gold it comes out clear and pure after all the testing, if it is not gold the fire cannot make it any better.

God allowed Jesus to be tested by the temptations of Satan. Jesus showed that his obedience to God was real and pure. The tempter offered him a great many things if he would only disoboy God. But Jesus chose to obey God even though it meant hunger and want and loneliness, and more sorrow than we can imagine.

Jesus knew that if he was faithful and obedient through all the trials of earth, he would have an eternity of joy in heaven.

Jesus suffered and was tempted so as to be exactly like us, so as to know all our trials and troubles. Whenever you are tempted to any little act of disobedience, remember how Jesus was tempted just in that way. Ask him to put his Holy Spirit within you to keep you from yielding to temptation. He will do it. Learn the words of God that you may be able to know what he wants you to do. Obey him.

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

Jan, 9.—Matt. iv., 1-11.

God's Spirit does not always lead us into flowery beds of ease. Verse 1. Only the human nature of Jesus was tried. But the hungry one had bread to eat that Satan knew not of. Verses 2, 3, 4, Psalm l., 12. He who neglects the laws of health violates the sixth commandment. Verses 5, 6. Satan's attempt to use the Sword of the Spirit is an awkward one. How deftly his blow is parried and returned by Immanuel! Verses 6, 7. Sight-seeing has its best influence on the soul when it causes the onlooker to glorify God. Verses 8, 9, 10. In the triple temptation (to selfishness, suicide, and idolatry), the aim of the tempter is to disparage the deity of Jesus. Verses 3, 6, 9. God's messengers often come to us when they are needed most, and expected least. Psalm xxxiv., 7.

Tiverton, Ont.

'Our Blackboard.'

First. Every school, and every class in the school, should have one. Second. Every superintendent and every teacher should use it. Third. One idea worked out by yourself is worth two of one just copied. Why, then, do we provide for you. Simply that you may receive suggestions that will help you to do the work better. Now, as to the work upon the board, here are some 'don'ts.'

Don't be afraid of your work being too poor. Children have large hearts and great imagination.

Don't put in too much detail. The children can do it in their own minds and like it.

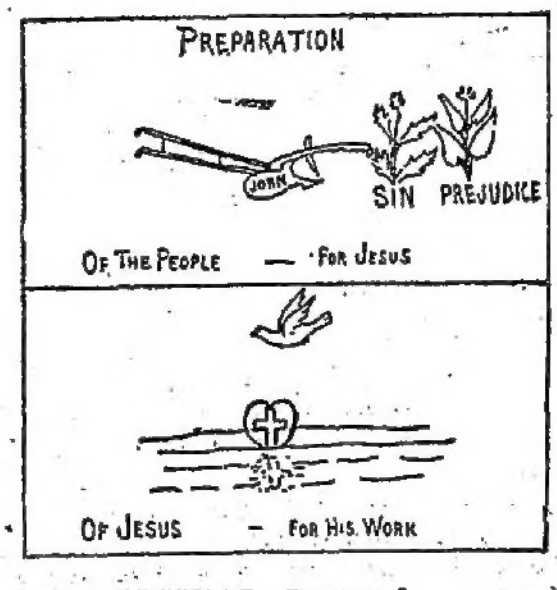
Don't teach more than one thing at a time. One thought in many ways possibly, but be brief.

Don't be afraid of repetition of symbols. Children and grown-ups like to see things they know.

Don't keep on if by chance you have lost their attention. Change at once.

Now, as to coloring, use your own judgment. Bright colors for holy and happy things. Dark for sin and temptation. Let me recommend very highly the use of paper symbols pinned on the board as you want them. Things that would take a long time to draw, and be difficult to get right, can be easily made at home and pinned on in a moment. It will give you more time, show up more clearly than the chalk, and also insure your preparing before you come to Sunday-school. This will also, if followed out, every week, soon give you a large stock of paper symbols, from which to choose. At least see that the central figure of each lesson be one cut in paper, or one you can quickly draw, so that Review Sunday exercise will be bright, quick and stimulating to the memories of the scholars, as each well known picture brings back all its accompanying lesson.

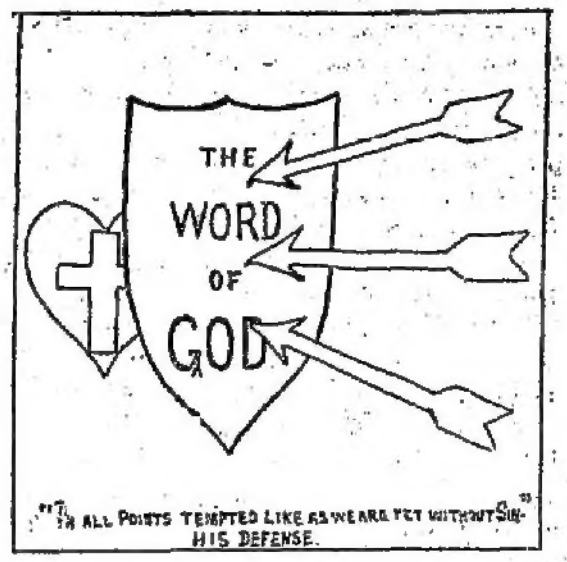
For six months we are to study the life of Christ, and we want a symbol which will be recognized at once as representing him. What shall it be? The cross represents his death. A golden heart his life. Let us, then, keep during these months as our symbol of him, upon whose life the cross cast its shadow from the beginning, a heart outlined in yellow or gold, with a plain cross lined upon it, in red; which shall speak of the blood shed for us, and thus teach us that for him was not only the death but the life of the cross.



LESSON I.—January 2.

Keynote.—Preparation—I. John preparing the soil of the people for the seed of the word, from the hands of the Sower, Christ. The plough turning under the weeds, and breaking up the hardened soil.

II. The preparation of Christ for his life and work, two-fold, baptism of water and the Holy Ghost. The heart emerging from the water, the dove, ever a type of the Holy Spirit, descending upon the heart, representing Jesus.



LESSON II.—January 9.

Temptation of Jesus.—The heart as before representing Jesus, behind the shield of the Word of God, by the use of which he warded off every temptation. The arrows, with blunted points to show their failure, representing the three temptations, the first a temptation for the body; the second, for the mind, to misuse the promises; the third, for the heart, as Christ lovingly gazed on the nations, and longed for them all to come unto him.

Emphasize in words the need of knowing Gods word in our heart. Temptation does not always come in the room where the bible is handy, but when we are away from it; lonely, tired and hungry.

Search Question Honor Roll.

VERY HONORABLE MENTION.

Emma Moore, Louis G. Hamilton, Grace D. Allan, J. E. Gray, Jennie Ross, Helen Bentham, Lizzie C. Brown, Cora May Sider, Maude Peach, Annie Sharpe, Leila Duffin.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Elizabeth Ann Craig, Kate H. Moorhead, Ella C. Anderson, Helen de Witt Laurence, Etta M. Rogers, Mary Lydia Crisp.

The Teacher's Strength.

No worker has ever done much for Church or world who has not wrestled and wept in supplication with the angel. It is such men alone who are God's Israels—the spiritual athletes who have power with him and prevail. David Brainerd prayed in the loneliness of the American forests until, with the tension and excitement, his body was bathed in sweat from head to foot; but we know how he came forth, from his oratory, with a strength like to the strength of ten, and how under his preaching the Indians of New Jersey pressed into the kingdom. None of us can expect that harvest of souls which surely we desire, unless we are willing to pay the price for it in earnest, clinging, agonizing entreaty. There is our own equipment to be sought at his hands who makes his grace sufficient for us. There are our scholars to be mentioned by name to him who, when he sees our faith, will say to them, 'Be of good cheer, your sins are forgiven you.' If this were the habitual exercise of the teacher's Saturday night, then, some happy Sabbath day, here or hereafter, he would come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.—'S.S. Chronicle.'

The time of seed-sowing passes quickly. Ere it be gone, let me consider closely, 'Have I sown the seed of all I purpose to have?' For, as is the seed-sowing so must be the summer glory and the autumn fruition.—'Sarah Smiley.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Too Late.

('Standard.')

It has sometimes been sad to notice in homes we have visited that the tired but mildly cheerful mother still plodded on in her wonted tasks, in almost automatic manner—so long had she been accustomed to the same routine—and that husband and children seemed utterly blind to all which we saw.

In conversation lately a lady referred to a pleasant circle of friends who had been reading together as they gathered on their porches in the pleasant summer mornings Nansen's 'Farthest North.' Turning to the mother she asked 'Have you read it?' One of the daughters, not waiting for her mother, immediately replied, 'O, mother never has time to read, Mrs. Smith, but I've read it. Isn't it interesting?'

It did not require a long visit in that home to see that the mother, although a refined, educated woman, was allowed to be a drudge in the family. She was one of those who would never be appreciated until too late, one who could truthfully say when her days were shortened, and she had really been killed by too much work, too little recreation, when help and comfort were at last offered to her, 'Ah, that comfort comes too late. 'Tis like a pardon after execution.'

There are kindly husbands in many homes we know who are unconsciously thoughtless of their wives. While busy with their own employments down town they still are able to have many recreating hours, yet when they come home at night and sit down to a palatable meal prepared by the willing, devoted wife, they scarcely utter a word of appreciation or think for a moment of all the busy, uneventful day, which to her has come to its close, a day like so many others, when she has not been outside of her home because of the many pressing claims there, upon her time and strength. No one ever seems to think of asking some tired mothers to a concert, a lecture, or an entertainment. Indeed, if such were suggested, a daughter might reply, 'Mother much prefers to stay at home. She does not care to travel, she never attends concerts, I do not think she really cares for music.'

We understand why such a mother prefers to stay at home, because no daughter offers cheerfully and heartily to relieve her for a time from the home cares; and why she does not attend concerts is obvious, since no one ever invites her.

How delightful are the happy contrasts to such homes! Glad have we often been to hear the cheery greeting of the father at night, and the joyous response from wife and children, glad to note how the words of kindly appreciation for the attractive table, the palatable meal, the comforting glow of the fire, the bright faces of the children, their neat appearance, come bubbling up and out spontaneously, making all who hear them happy.

A Happy New Year to All.

The merry sound of the Christmas bells has died away. The old year passes swift. The new year dawns apace. What is the New Year to us? A year weighted with richest possibilities, a year fraught with deep responsibilities. A year to be received day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, fresh from the hand of a loving Father.

Let us watch for the special mercies this year that we may render an account to our Lord of the blessings of which he has made us stewards.

We wish all our readers a very happy New Year.

Pulpit and Press.

The influence of the pulpit no one denies. Its end and aim is to influence the hearts and lives of people, and it does accomplish its purpose.

The influence of the daily press is not perhaps so direct or so apparent. Yet the press reaches more people every day than the pulpit does every week. And when one contemplates the influence for good or evil that even the cursory reading of a book may have, one can readily appreciate the fact that the daily paper must exert a mighty influence over its readers, whether they will, or no, whether for weal or woe.

Advertisers are not alone in appreciating the newspaper as a medium through which to influence people in their favor. He who offered all the kingdoms of the earth to the Christ if he would but fall down before him, has approached every newspaper editor with this similar proposition, 'Serve me, and I'll guarantee you a large circulation. And it would seem that some, at least, have accepted his offer unconditionally.

If this is fact, it will be well to publish it, so that the Evil One may not take us unawares, by approaching us in the innocent garb of news. Better give up newspaper reading altogether than read a paper with downward and demoralizing tendencies and corresponding influence.

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